



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



20432.18
Lays of a Londoner.
Widener Library
003605630



3 2044 086 806 338

20432.18

Harvard College Library



FROM THE
KENNETH MATHESON TAYLOR
FUND

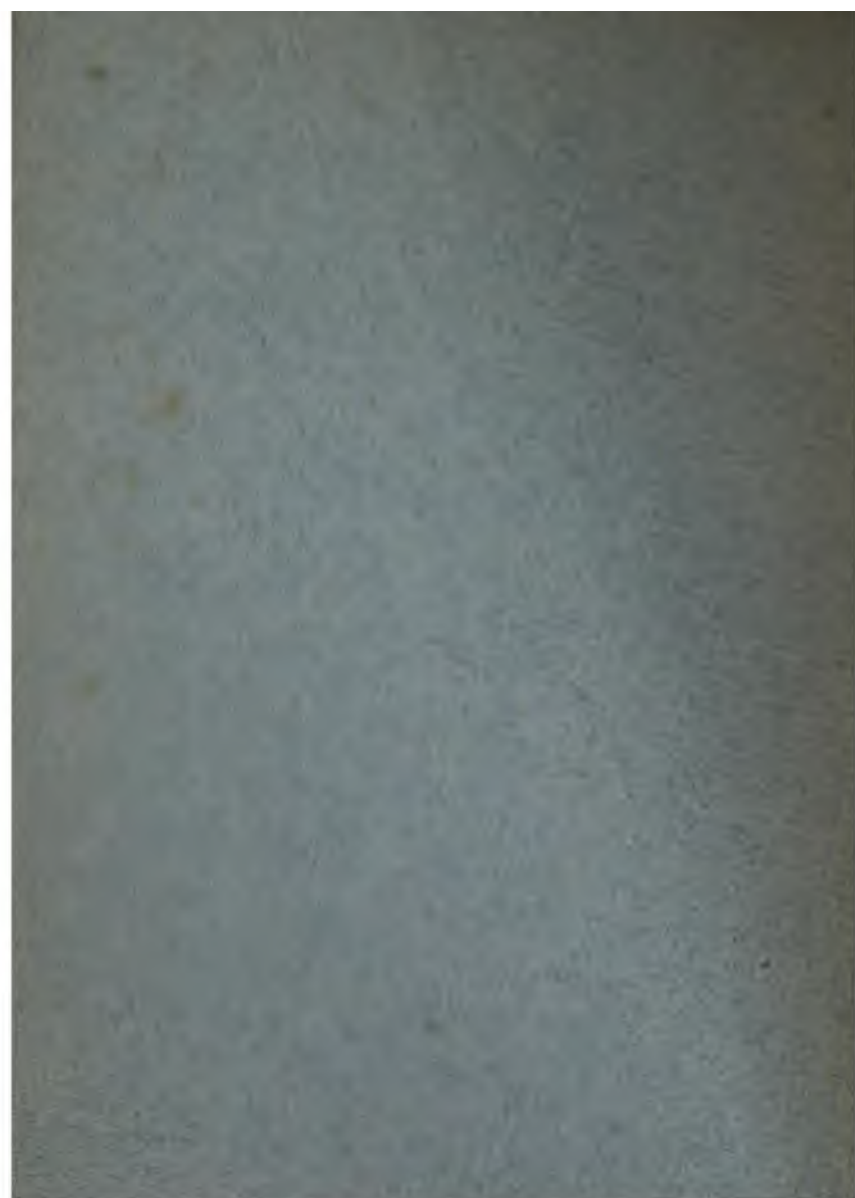
GIVEN IN 1899 BY
JESSIE TAYLOR PHILIPS

IN MEMORY OF HER BROTHER
KENNETH MATHESON TAYLOR
(Class of 1890)

FOR ENGLISH LITERATURE

3/6

10/11/19



LAYS OF A LONDONER.



0

LAYS OF A LONDONER.

BY
CLEMENT SCOTT.



London:
DAVID BOGUE, 3, ST. MARTIN'S PLACE,
TRAFALGAR SQUARE, W.C.
1882.

20.732,18



Taylor fund

I dedicate this Book of Verse to

J. M. L.

THE HONOURED HEAD OF A FAMILY,
STEADFAST IN FRIENDSHIP, TRUE IN TRIAL, AND DEVOTED TO ART ;
FROM WHICH VALUED COUNSELLOR I HAVE RECEIVED,
THROUGHOUT THE ANXIETIES OF A BUSY LIFE,
THE EARNEST ADVICE OF A MAN OF THE WORLD, WITH THE
NEVER-FAILING ENCOURAGEMENT OF A SUCCESSFUL TOILER ;
AND HAVE INHERITED, FROM HIM AND HIS,
THE AFFECTIONATE SYMPATHY, AND TENDER CONSIDERATION,
THAT ALLEVIATE DISAPPOINTMENT, AND LIGHTEN THE BURDENS
WE ALL MUST BEAR.

C. S.

November, 1881.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE CRY OF THE CLERK	I
THE MIDSHIPMITE	6
THE LAY OF THE LIFEBOAT	13
THE CHILDREN'S CRY	17
THE WRECK OF THE <i>INDIAN CHIEF</i>	23
KING SMALL-POX!—A LONDON STORY	28
A SONG OF A SLAVE	33
WEARY WOMANKIND !	36
THE TALE OF THE TELEGRAPH CLERK	40
BRIGHTON PIER	43
A CONTRADICTION	45
RUS IN URBE	48
BOULOGNE-ON-SEA	51
BOHEMIA'S LAND	54
HER FIRST BOUQUET	57
TO GLADYS !	59
BIENTÔT	61
A THANKSGIVING	63
"MY DARLINGS THREE"	65
JACQUES OFFENBACH	67

	PAGE
A PRISONER OF WAR!	70
THOMAS CARLYLE	73
CALLED TO THE BAR!	75
LILIAN ADELAIDE NEILSON	77
OURS!	79
IN SIGHT OF HOME	82
A LAST CONFESSION	86
THE LEAF AND THE BOOK	88
THE OUTCAST	90
A LOST LETTER	92
THE STORY OF A STOWAWAY!	95
EDEN!	101
HE TRIED TO SPEAK	102
THE SONG OF THE STEAK!	104
THE LAKE	106
DEAD MEN; A BRINDISI ON BROKEN BOTTLES	111
AN ANNUAL CAROL	114
"DE MORTUIS!"	117
PERPLEXITY	120
THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT	122
A WOMAN AND A QUEEN	124
THE FALLEN ROSE	126
TO ISABEL!	127

LAYS OF A LONDONER.



THE CRY OF THE CLERK!

WHY do they talk of the Border-Land, the rippling
streams and miles of heather,
To one who, scribbling, pen in hand, can scarce keep
body and soul together?
My border-land's 'twixt life and death, and I long for
the hum of the Underground
To take me away from the roar of the street, the
City's crash, and eternal sound
That ring in my ears from morn to night, from the
dawn to the dews, from the light to the dark.
Why do they open their ears to sorrow, and close
them fast to the Cry of the Clerk?

Envious ? No ! Let them visit the sea, neither pain
nor pleasure are far to seek,
But seas and summers are not for me with a salary
under a pound a week.
My only change is from desk to home, my only trip
on the tramway cars ;
My baby's face is my only moon ; and the eyes of
my wife are my only stars.
The rocks I climb are the paving-stones, and the
Milkman's voice is the morning lark
That wakes me out of my land of dreams,—where I
journey at times, though a penniless Clerk !

Twenty odd years I have sat at the desk, in the same
little den in the same old court,
Profit and loss I have balanced them up, the firm
seemed richer when bread was short.
Drones and bees in the same glass-hive ; but they
looked on as I made the honey,
But it did seem hard they should waste so much,
when I could have cringed for a loan of money

To save my sick, to bury my dead, to bring to haven
the buffeted bark
That threatened to split on the sands of Time with
the life and love of the threadbare Clerk !

I don't growl at the working man, be his virtue strict
or morality lax ;
He'd strike if they gave him my weekly wage, and
they never ask him for the Income tax !
They take his little ones out to tea in a curtained van
when the fields are green,
But never a flower, or field, or fern, in their leafy homes
have my children seen.
The case is different, so they say, for I'm respectable,
—save the mark !
He works with the sweat of his manly brow, and I
with my body and brain—poor Clerk !

Respectability ! That's the word that makes such
fellows as I grow lean,
That sends my neighbours to Margate Pier, and sets
me longing for Kensal Green !

What in the world is a slave to do, whose ink-stained
pen is his only crutch,
Who counts the gain that staggers his brain, and
fingers the till that he dare not touch !
Where's the ambition, the hope, the pride of a man
like me who has wrecked the Ark ;
That holds his holiest gifts, and why ? Because he is
honest and called a Clerk !

Why did I marry ? In mercy's name, in the form of
my brother was I not born ?
Are wife and child to be given to him, and love to be
taken from me with scorn ?
It is not for them that I plead, for theirs are the only
voices that break my sorrow,
That lighten my pathway, make me pause 'twixt the
sad to-day and the grim to-morrow,
The Sun and the Sea are not given to me, nor joys
like yours as you flit together
Away to the woods and the downs, and over the
endless acres of purple heather.

But I've love, thank Heaven ! and mercy, too ; 'tis for
justice only I bid you hark
To the tale of a penniless man like me—to the
wounded cry of a London Clerk !

THE MIDSHIPMITE.

“WELL! that’s a woman I pity! Get out of your
easy chair,

Look out of the window ; that woman in black with
glory of red-gold hair.”

“Why does she carry a primrose cross, and what has
her misery been ?”

“She has only lost her child, my lad, and is going
to Kensal Green.”

We prate of our little troubles, we men of muscle
and brain ;

We curse if our pipes of peace won’t draw, and howl
at the wind and rain.

And those of our band who scribble a bit are instantly
down in luck

If they’re stabbed in the back by an ignorant fool
who hasn’t a grain of pluck.

It's grim to feel you're honest, no doubt, possessing
a soul to save,
When Editors bribe some dissolute cad to hound you
as cheat and knave ;
'Tis God will winnow the false and true, who knows
what our sins have been !
But think of poor innocent Margaret Gray, who is
walking to Kensal Green.

What is her story ? Well, light your pipe, and sit
you down in your chair.
Two chapters—one, it is headed, "Of Love," the other
is marked "Despair."
I have seen some joy, but the Park at Knole was
never in spring so gay
As when Margaret Welsh in Sevenoaks Church was
married to Bernard Gray !

'Twas a runaway match in the Weald of Kent that
was blest by the parson prim ;
His life was given to art—the stage—and hers was
given to him :

Never a man have I known so pure, and never a girl
so brave,

As were married that day in Sevenoaks Church when
the primrose covered the grave.

They talk of love in an empty way ; but this was the
crown of life,

When Bernard seemed in a dream, and shook at the
touch of his sweet-voiced wife.

Whenever they kiss'd their eyes for love were
brimming with tears of joy,

And the prize of happiness came next spring with
the birth of their baby-boy.

What had they done to deserve God's wrath ? In
the old mysterious way

Death stretched his fingers out and felt for the heart
of Bernard Gray.

Life was too happy for him, poor lad ! he'd been
fading for years they said ;

And the mother and child were asleep one night
when Bernard Gray lay dead !

Down like an avalanche swept despair through the
house where love had smil'd,
Crushing the innocent mother alone by the side of
her only child.

As you make your bed you must tumble down, is the
rule of our worldly life,
And there wasn't a soul to pity the fate of the
destitute actor's wife.

For six long years, as I live, 'tis true, in the midst of
the City's din,
She slaved and starved for her baby-boy, and her
soul was free from sin ;
And at last they said for the actor's child they had
found on the stage a part,
So she said, "The gift that an artist gave, I will
dedicate pure, to art."

They took him away from his mother, and her heart
was sick and sore,
Though her baby-boy was the life and soul of "Her
Majesty's Pinafore ;"

Whenever the theatre rang with cheers, and echoed
with wild delight,
A heart in the gallery shook with fear for the fate of
the Midshipmite.

For the boy was odd, old-fashioned, and over-clever,
'twas said,
He was full of the strangest fancies ; complained of
an aching head ;
And one day, half in earnest, and possibly half in
fun,
He ask'd, " Who will help us, mother, when the
' Pinafore's ' ceased to run ? "

'Twas the close of a heartless winter that changed to
a cheerless spring,
With wind in the east that struck with a chill the
child at the draughty wing,
When the mother found, to her horror, the boy was
too ill to sup,
And he said in his curious manner, " The ' Pinafore '
run is up !

Give me a kiss, my mother, and put me away to
bed,
For my limbs they ache ; I shiver ; I've pains in my
throbbing head ;
I feel to-night so weary." And out of his tuneful
store
He murmured the airs, in a childlike way, of " Her
Majesty's ' Pinafore.' "

" Oh, say that you love me, darling ! " she whispered,
pale with fears ;
But he murmured, " Hardly ever," as he kissed away
her tears ;
And then, as a nightmare vision the mind of a sleeper
haunts,
He said, " You'll be kind to my cousins, my sisters,
and my aunts."

On the ship that had been his playground he sailed
to his rest at last,
With a cheer for his baby comrades as he clung to
the yielding mast ;

And he moaned out, rack'd with torture, as the sand
in the hour-glass ran,
"Well, in spite of all temptation, your boy is an
Englishman!"

* * * * *

They buried the little sailor, quite close to his father's
side,
Seven years from the day when in Sevenoaks Church
his mother was made a bride.
So there's the story of that which is! God knows
what might have been ;
And this is the reason why Margaret Gray is walking
to Kensal Green !

THE LAY OF THE LIFEBOAT.*

GENTLEMEN all, are your glasses charged ? for I've
a toast for the winter weather.

Answer it, then, with a three times three ; voice and
heart, if you please, together.

It is not a sorrowful theme I sing, though the red
leaves rot in the winter garden,

And east winds meet the embrace of the north, our
throats to scourge and muscles to harden.

Come far away from the weary fogs, those winding-
sheets of our London life ;

Away from the prow of the burglar-sneak, and the
thud of the brute who has kicked his wife.

I'd tell to-day of the rock-bound coast, the screaming
surf, and the sea-blown sand ;

And drink to the men who are off to sea, when the
sailors shout that the Lifeboat's manned.

* N.B. The Secretary of the National Lifeboat Institution is Richard
Lewis, Esq., 14, John Street, Adelphi. *Verbum sap.*

They talk of battles, and rank and file ; they call
the roll, count cannon and loss ;

And Tom he wears a corporal's stripe, and brave
little Jim the Victoria Cross.

They march to the front with fife and drum, and
follow the beat of the regiment's band ;

They see their flag as it waves, and hear the jolly old
colonel's clear command.

But there's never a sound in the battle at sea, but the
howling storm and the scream afar ;

And it's only duty points the way when the ships
break up on the harbour bar.

It is dark unto death on the midnight sea, and darker
still on the sleeping land ;

But only women are left on shore to cry, "They're
off!" when the Lifeboat's manned.

Certain risk and a chance reward—this is the tale
that the Lifeboat tells.

What was their prize but the lives of men, those
splendid fellows who died at Wells ?

Love and pleasure were theirs at home, danger and
death they faced at sea ;
Their lives were swallowed in waves of Fate when
the men they hurried to save were free.
Out they went in the terrible storm, hurricane-hard
on the Norfolk coast ;
Women they weep, as women will do ; but never a
sailor quits his post.
Seizing the qar, the rocket, and rope, out they went
from the sheltering land :
Never again will they wake to hear their comrades
shout when the Lifeboat's manned.

Gentlemen all, when the storms are out, the roof-tree
shakes, and the windows rattle,
Just think a little of ships at sea, the wave's attack,
and the sailor's battle.
You close the shutters and bar the door, in cosy
homes of the sheltered city ;
You give one sigh for the Lifeboat—yes, and you
offer her crew a grain of pity.

But, on my honour, I'd like to know if pluckier men
in the world exist

Than those who buckle the lifebelt on, when wives
are left and the children kissed.

So again I ask, are your glasses charged? will you
send a cheer from the friends on shore

To the men who go to their death at sea, and do their
duty?—men can't do more.

Hope departs when the land is lost; love is blown
from the rocks and sand.

Ready to die is the motto of men—and this is the
reason the Lifeboat's manned.

THE CHILDREN'S CRY.

BEFORE the beautiful year grows old, and sunlight
fades upon sea and land,
Whilst fields have colour and gardens gold, and holi-
day crowds move hand in hand ;
When over the meadows they toss the hay, and
poppies appear in the waving wheat,
When the silent forest is passing sad, and the breath
of summer is piercing sweet ;
When a sigh goes forth from the working town, and a
whisper comes from the fields and hills,
And the whirl of wheels for an instant stops, and
the pace is over that cures or kills ;
'Tis then, my Brothers, and Sisters too, we each of
us owe a tremendous debt,
When we hurry away from the London roar, and
leave the eyes of the children wet ;

A debt we owe, and it must be paid to the utmost
letter—I'll tell you why,
The summer brings sorrow to way-worn feet,—and
this is the reason the children cry !

Three children sat in a London square, in front of a
house with the blinds drawn down,
“Are they dead,” said one, “in the rooms up there ?”
“No,” answered the other ; “they're out of town !
They've hurried the dear little family off with their
spades, and pails, and their seaside hats,
They've locked the garden and left us here with
the empty cabs and the starving cats.
It isn't for us to be pale and thin, when we're given in
charge of the sweltering streets,
For they give us a peep, between bars, at trees, and
permit us to huddle on doorstep seats.
If it wasn't so dreadfully wrong to ask, we'd like to
know where the roses grow,
And if it be true there are distant hills away in a
wonderful land, you know,

Where it's green as far as the eye can see, where the
wind blows sweet and the fields are wide.
Will nobody say where the country is?" As nobody
answered, the children cried!

"I think I know where the country is," said a fair
little child, whose breath came short,
"I heard it once from a rickety lad, who came to live
in our dingy court.
It is where they find some wonderful waves, and
lovely water all green and blue,
And they pour it over the weakly limbs, and they
seem to grow; do you think it's true?
I should like to look at this beautiful sea, and touch
it just once; for, listen to me—
I've a brother at home who is fading away, and I
think he might live by the beautiful sea.
I wonder if I were to knock at this door, and ask the
old woman to show me the way
To the place where they dig on the sands and bathe,
and children like us are permitted to play,

Would she push me away after slamming the door,
or tell me some more of the waves and tide ?
It isn't so much for myself as for him"—and the poor
little sister unconsciously cried !

"But why was this beautiful country made ?" thought
a curious child in a doorway nook,
"It doesn't seem fair that a few should taste, and
many be never allowed to look.
Was it made for the women who every day buy
baskets of flowers and set them down,
And allow us to peep whilst they are asleep in the
blinding heat of the dusty town ?
Was it made to separate rich and poor, to give us
hope and our neighbours health ?
Are fields and flowers grim poverty's ban, and sun
and shadow the prize of wealth ?
Do you think that summer was made for death, to
soften sorrow and sweeten loss ?
That flowers were given for children's graves, and
born to die on a funeral cross ?

Is it true that the men at whose doors we sit can
leave such weeds in the streets to die ?
Can turn their eyes from our faces pale, and close
their ears to the children's cry ? ”

’Tis easy to follow where fancy leads, believe me or
not, but never forget
’Tis a terrible thing if a kindly world refuses to cancel
the children’s debt.
The lovely summer too soon takes wing, the changing
seasons divide and part ;
But a shilling may buy us an infant’s smile, and a
pound can borrow a thankful heart ;
A day in the air that we love to breathe, an hour or
so by the changing sea,
A song of happiness under trees, when the air blows
soft and the heart is free—
It sounds so little to those who go, but oh ! so much
to the many who stay,
With indolent feet dividing the dust, whilst happier
lips are drinking the spray !

Come, open your purses, turn them out, and let the
 little ones dive down deep
In many a pocket to find a spell that may silence
 sorrow or purchase sleep.
One feather the less in a bonnet or hat wouldn't ruin
 the look of the prettiest miss,
And many a woman would gladly change a flower or
 fan for the children's kiss,
A little less dinner, my epicure friend, a smaller
 regalia after lunch,
And the difference send to Bouverie Street, post haste
 directed to—MR. PUNCH.

[This poem, as well as many others in this collection, which I have been permitted to reprint by the kind permission of the proprietors, originally appeared in 'Punch.' The result of the appeal was a handsome subscription for the weary London children.—C. S.]

THE WRECK OF THE *INDIAN CHIEF*.

OUTWARD bound in the *Indian Chief*, with skipper,
and pilot a Northern man,

Thirty all told from the Yorkshire coast, we sailed for
the Channel, to make Japan.

Icily cold from the nor'-nor'-east, the wind like an
arrow went whistling by ;

The stars stood sharp by a frozen moon ; and the
moon stared white in a frosty sky ;

And the skipper he cried as we changed the watch,
“ Keep a good look-out—do you understand ?

We must strain our eyes for the bright Knock light,
and clear the surf of the Goodwin Sand.

I've sailed on a fouler night, my lads, but many a
vessel has come to grief,

In spite of the light of the ‘ Kentish Knock.’ Still
here's good luck to the *Indian Chief* !”

It seemed so strange that a starlit sky should look so
calm on a seething sea ;

And a crueller wind never shivered the skin, or
made the mast like a bending tree.

We were miles away from the Ramsgate Pier, and
our course set clear of the Kentish Knock,

When the ship gave a shy like a frightened horse, and
then came a crash and a sickening shock ;

We knew what it meant when, without any fuss, the
skipper and pilot folded hands,

And the rockets went up in the pitiless sky—we had
struck on the bar of the Goodwin Sands !

What was the use of the compass now, or sail, or
rudder ? No treacherous reef

Could ever imprison with firmer grip, than the sands
that swallowed the *Indian Chief* !

It didn't take long for the end to come, when the
waves washed savagely over our deck,

So we lighted a flare, as a desperate chance, to guide
brave men to our hopeless wreck.

The pilot, the skipper, his brother the mate, and the
thirty odd souls in a desperate plight,
Crept into the masts in the searching cold, looking
death in the face on a New Year's night.
One by one, as the masts gave way, they dropped like
birds from a frozen tree,
When the skipper, who clung to his brother the mate,
sang out, "Thank God! There's the Lifeboat! See!"
We thought him mad, with his fingers stretched to a
distant speck like a floating leaf;
"'Tis a branch of olive!" the pilot cried, and the
message is "Hope for the *Indian Chief*!"

Lashed to their oars, in the blinding storm, out they
had come in a steamer's wake,
Ramsgate men, with never a care for a sailor's death,
for a sailor's sake.
Out there followed from Clacton coast, Aldborough,
Harwich, a score of hands,
When the tidings travelled, "An English ship is
breaking her back upon Goodwin Sands."

'Twas a race for life, and the *Bradford* won! But
as soon as the boat from the tug was cast,
The sea stood in front of the Ramsgate men, as they
heard the shrieks from the sinking mast.
Shouts of succour across the waves, and cries of
agony past belief,
What is the use of a Lifeboat manned, when the sea
has a prize in the *Indian Chief*?

The skipper lay dead by his brother the mate, with
a smile on his face for the wife at home,
And the morning broke to the moan "How long?"
and the endless cry, "Will the Lifeboat come?"

* * * * *

But the evening closed on a conquered sea, and masts
where never a sailor clings ;
And they run to the end of the Ramsgate Pier, to see
the prize that the Lifeboat brings.

It isn't in money, or gold, that's paid the terrible debt
of the enemy sea,

But flesh and blood of a shipwrecked crew is a richer
reward you'll all agree.

Many a ship, as the year rolls on, with skipper, and
pilot, and faithful hands,

Will sail from home on a winter sea, and drift to
death upon Goodwin Sands.

But when the plea for the Lifeboat comes, there'll
not be many to grudge relief

To the men who answered duty's call, and stood
by the wreck of the *Indian Chief*!

KING SMALL-POX!—A LONDON STORY.

WHERE have you been this many a day, that you
haven't heard any one tell

Of the terrible story that happened last week at a
cottage in Clerkenwell ?

I call it a cottage, for ~~love~~ ^{love} was there. No doubt, it
was dirty and dark,

And the kind of grim tenement holding the hopes of
many a wife and clerk.

Well, there they lived, in a humble way, and paid
their way as they went ;

And just for a blessing, to help them on, a child, then
a couple, were sent.

No need to repeat that at hall and hovel the same old
misery knocks ;

The young wife sicken'd, and, shaking his head, the
doctor he said, " Small-pox ! "

Now here was a blow for the faithful clerk, to be told
he must send her forth
With a babe new born at her bosom ; and where ?
No matter, to east or north,
Wherever they take a poor poisoned thing, that even
humanity shuns ;
But there wasn't one door that was open to her—so
the terrible story runs.
There wasn't a bed nor shelter for her ; and for him,
he was bandied about
With sorrows, regrets, and with "hospital full ;" she
must wait for a week, no doubt.
So the heart-broken fellow must toil all day ; but
night his long agony rocks,
As he dozes to death by the side of his wife, in the
presence of King Small-pox !

So they took her away, with the babe new born, and
a shiver went round the home,
And out he went of despair to die, to gaze on the
river or roam

'Midst the glare and glitter of shops and gas—to rest
upon London's heart ;
For they'd taken the one sweet woman away, whom
nothing but this could part
From the man she had faithfully sworn to love—it
rang in his ears, this knell ;
He shook, he tottered, his brain reeled round, he
faltered, fainted, fell !
Just a fallen man on the London streets—how the
Good Samaritans shrunk
From the prostrate wreck. “What, at it again ?” said
Policeman X, “you're drunk !”

He looked dead white in the bull's-eye glare, 'twas
easy to drink impute ;
But strange to say he didn't get well with a kick from
a blucher boot !
So they called for a stretcher, a crowd came round,
and they lifted him, heavy as lead,
And women were mixed with pity and shame, at the
sight of the drunk or dead.

They bundled him into a drunkard's cell, with the
usual refuse swept,
And they opened the wicket and said "All's well," for
the dissolute drunkard slept ;
But with morning light delirium came. " He's sham-
ming, the artful fox ;"
But the doctor, when summoned, he didn't agree.
" A virulent case ! Small-pox."

In the dead of the night they carried him off, Samari-
tans now perforce—
With just a tinge of pity, perhaps with sorrow, or say
remorse—
To put him away in a hospital bed. We travel
through life in pairs.
But they didn't tell him—for nobody knew—his wife
was awake downstairs.
Unbidden, the tears to her eyelids came ; unknowing,
his infant cried ;
And the wife and the little one shuddered—'tis strange
—the hour that the husband died,

Within ten yards of the woman he loved. And the
kindly nurses say
She was lost in a vision the rest of the night that his
spirit passed away.

The wife grew strong, and as time slipped on she
fancied her child could speak
Of home and father ; the doctor kind had promised
them both next week.
Poor fellow, he couldn't come there to them—they'd
suddenly ring the bell ;
And she cried as pretty young women will do who
are happy in Clerkenwell.
The doctor was good as his word, and knew the
various Government Acts,
The nurses kissed the mother and child, and the
clergyman gave them tracts ;
But I wouldn't have heard the scream of the wife,
when they said at her door : " Who knocks ! "
" Husband ! Where is my husband gone ? "—" You're
a widow ! " grinn'd King Small-pox.

A SONG OF A SLAVE.

I'M only a slave, sir, don't you mind,
 Though I think I came of a decent race ;
'Tis pleasant to hear you speak so kind
 To a poor little girl with a dirty face.
The missus is lady-born, I hear,
 And is proud of her dresses and tiny feet ;
She gives me five pounds ten a year,
 And when she is pleasant—her scraps of meat.

I'm not so strong as I used to be,
 Though sixteen summers are all I've seen ;
Four lodgers, and one poor wench like me,
 And missus—don't tell her—is awful mean.
If I was a lady I'd like to faint,
 And lie on a couch or in easy-chairs ;
But I'm scrubbing for ever at filthy paint,
 And dragging the scuttles up ninety stairs.

It's quickly over, the time called night :
By six I've got on my only gown,
By seven I've three good fires alight ;
The parlour's early and off to town.
At eight the drawing-room ladies ring,
I'd sooner wait on a score of men ;
And when they are eating I've time to sing,
And a minute to rest at half-past ten.

There's a lady above—she's forced to teach—
Next door to the top-floor back, who's wild,
And when he's tipsy she hears him screech
And say what she never should hear, poor child.
I knew what she was from the scraps of lace
That peep from under her gown of gray ;
For one of the smiles from that angel face
I'd run to her dozens of times a day.

We haven't got winter the whole year round,
Sometimes in my kitchen I see the sun,
And it travels like gold on the dirty ground
Till it rests on the hearth where the beetles run.

I know that they think I can steal and pry ;

I am waiting, so young, for a workhouse grave,
And I pray—but I haven't got time to cry,

For life is a lodging and I'm the slave.

WEARY WOMANKIND !

THREE weary young women of London town
Sent up their thoughts when they went to rest :
A Slattern was one, in her greasy old gown,
And a Mother another, whose kindly breast,
Had soothed the screams of a fractious child,
That had beat at her heart, and her brains all day,
And the third was a Seamstress, lean and mild,
Though weary—these women had something to say.

The Slattern she owned she was weary of JACK,
Good fellow, no doubt ! but whose curious ways
Were impressed on his wife, by some weals on her
back,
And by terrible bruises—well, under her stays ;
And she thought on this night could she ever get rid
Of a man who when drunk didn't care how *she* fed.
She'd been true to this fellow, and did as he bid,
So the heart-broken Slattern crept into her bed.

The Mother was weary, for half of that day

She'd been bearing her burden from door unto door ;

No woman may rest on Her Majesty's way,

But now her poor babe was asleep on the floor :

So she thought, this sad mother, " Will weariness end

By starving, or prison, or how will it be ?

I haven't a penny," she sighed, " or a friend ! "

Still she slept, and determined the morrow to see.

The poor little Sewing Girl, weary of course

With the whirl of the wheel, the machinery's click,

She'd the strength of a mouse and the work of a horse,

But the child was so quiet she hadn't a kick !

So she said, " It don't matter, for many, worse off,

Cannot cling to the wheel for support, and must
die."

But before she could sleep she remembered the scoff

Of girls whose smart feathers attracted her eye.

Now, would you believe it ? When all were asleep

And the woes of all womenkind seemed at an end,

That a cry just as bitter and sighs quite as deep

Went up to humanity, seeking a friend

For the prettiest girl that the mind could depict,
With the neatest of dresses and softest of hair,
Her waist it was slender, her conduct was strict,
But beneath her blue eyes was the black of despair.

“I am weary!” she said; “on my honour it’s true,
Though I’ve spent all the day amidst ribbons and
lace.

My sisters! your fashions are pleasant to you—
They are torture to us! ’Tis a sin, a disgrace
That you sit at the counter all day and you fuss;
Our task is to stand, your delight is to shop;
It’s the joy of your lives, but it’s death unto us—
You are hardest to please when we’re ready to
drop.

“It wasn’t our fault that our fathers have failed
At home, at the farm, or the forge, or the mill,
But you’ve got us all fast, at the counter we’re nailed,
Like the dubious coin that was saved from the till.

We are modest ! Who dares to deny it ? We try
To be women as good as you see we are neat ;
But we stand all the day, and are ready to die,
Till we drag to our rest with our weary young feet.

"Tis easy to scoff, but more tedious far
To smile and look merry from eight unto ten,
And the school of the shop and the counter and bar
Doesn't teach us good lessons of women or men !"
So the Slatthern, the Mother, the Sewing Girl slight,
Dropped off into dreams about toil and the town ;
But the weariest woman who slept that night
Was the fair-haired girl with the neat black gown !

THE TALE OF THE TELEGRAPH CLERK.

WITH aching eyes and fingers worn
By private craze and public crash,
I sit and slave from night to morn,
And do my turn at "dot" and "dash."
I see that some are free to roam,
To rest a little while, and laugh ;
But this small office is my home,
Where I've to work the Telegraph.

The messages come pouring in—
From ALICE "love:" a growl from DICK ;
I know what horse is bound to win ;
But still this everlasting click !
"At home, my dear, I cannot dine,"
Wires craftily some better half ;
Would his reversion could be mine,
But I've to work the Telegraph ;

My fingers spin the ball that whirls
The world's roulette from dawn to dark ;
I plead for broken-hearted girls,
And catch the unsuspecting clerk ;
I'm messenger of life and death,
The voice of fate, the jester's chaff ;
'Tis mine—the universal breath—
Whilst I command the Telegraph !

Within my breast securely locked,
I hold the secrets of the town ;
Life hangs on me when lines are blocked,
Without me commerce tumbles down.
The great world stops when work is done :
There's rest for managers and staff,
But for the operator—none ;
He still must work the Telegraph.

In summer time I scent the breeze
That comes from mountain and from sea,
I seem to hear the waving trees
Conveyed by electricity ;

I "touch" the towns where maidens skate,
And long, these winter days, to laugh ;
Why moan ? when I manipulate
The Departmental Telegraph !

Oh, fellow-workers ! we but ask—
Not as a favour, but a right—
Some slight concession in our task,
A pause by day, some rest at night.
We beg for bread, and not a stone—
The whole of prospect, not the half.
Come ! earn the blessing, not the groan,
Of men who work the Telegraph !

BRIGHTON PIER.

WHICH is the merriest place to love,
Whether it be for a day or year,
Where we can slip, like a cast-off glove,
The care that hovers our world above?
Come, and be taught upon Brighton Pier!

Wandering waves on the shingle dash;
The sky's too blue for a thoughtless tear;
Danger is nothing but pessimist trash,
And the morning's made for a healthy splash:
Come for a header from Brighton Pier!

Filled with life, see the children race—
Motherly hearts they quake with fear—
Meeting the breezes face to face!
Whether we're steady, or "go the pace,"
Let us be young upon Brighton Pier!

Here she comes with her love-lit eyes,
Hearts will throb when a darling's near ;
Would it be well to avoid her—wise ?
Every fool in the wide world tries,
But love must win upon Brighton Pier !

Lazily lost in a dream we sit—
Maidens' eyes are a waveless mere—
There's many a vow when seagulls flit,
And many a sigh when lamps are lit,
And many a kiss, upon Brighton Pier.

Dear old friends of the days long fled,
Why did you vanish and leave me here ?
Girls are marrying, boys are wed,
Youth is living, but I seem dead,
Kicking my heels upon Brighton Pier !

A CONTRADICTION.

"Varium et mutabile semper Foemina!"—VIRGIL.

THEY say she's like an April day,
All sun and shower, grave and gay,
Just half in love, and half in play,

Like other misses.

Go to! They tell a pack of lies;
For I have heard her heart-drawn sighs,
And I have seen her inmost eyes,

And felt her kisses!

They think her laugh is over-bold,
And hint her smiles are bought for gold;
Dull heretics have thought her cold,

As is the fashion.

Ah me! when we together stole
Across the weald to leafy Knole,
'Twas there she showed to me her soul

And all her passion!

They vow her life is tossed about
From ball to picnic, play to rout,
A careless butterfly, no doubt,
That scandal crushes.

What could *we* answer, if 'twere said
That Time and Fate two lovers led
To lily-streams at Maidenhead,
Among the rushes ?

Her reputation shivered most
Last night at supper, when our host
Made her of careless lips the toast
And reigning goddess.
But I, who know my love, daresay
She thought of home, and tried to pray
Before her handmaid slipped away
Her satin bodice.

Your silly worldlings all forget
Her depth of hidden life, and bet
They've never met her equal yet
In fact or fiction.

But I, who love in secret, sit
Unweaving webs that Fate has knit
To bind me to so exquisite
A contradiction.

RUS 'IN URBE.

POETS are singing the whole world over
Of May in melody, joys for June ;
Dusting their feet in the careless clover,
And filling their hearts with the blackbird's tune.
The "brown bright nightingale" strikes with pity
The sensitive heart of a count or clown ;
But where is the song for our leafy city,
And where the rhymes for our lovely town ?

"O, for the Thames, and its rippling reaches,
Where almond rushes, and breezes sport !
Take me a walk under Burnham Beeches ;
Give me a dinner at Hampton Court !"
Poets, be still, though your hearts I harden ;
We've flowers by day and have scents at dark,
The limes are in leaf in the cockney garden,
And lilacs blossom in Regent's Park.

"Come for a blow," says a reckless fellow,
Burned red and brown by passionate sun ;
"Come to the downs, where the gorse is yellow ;
The season of kisses has just begun !
Come to the fields where bluebells shiver,
Hear cuckoo's carol, or plaint of dove ;
Come for a row on the silent river ;
Come to the meadows and learn to love !"

Yes, I will come when this wealth is over
Of softened colour and perfect tone—
The lilac's better than fields of clover ;
I'll come when blossoming May has flown.
When dust and dirt of a trampled city
Have dragged the yellow laburnum down,
I'll take my holiday—more's the pity—
And turn my back upon London town.

Margaret ! am I so wrong to love it,
This misty town that your face shines through ?
A crown of blossom is waved above it ;
But heart and life of the whirl—'tis you !

Margaret ! pearl ! I have sought and found you ;
And though the paths of the winds are free,
I'll follow the ways of the world around you,
And build my nest on the nearest tree !

BOULOGNE-ON-SEA.

WHEN London's granite is gray and gritty,
And the clock of the citizen's life runs down,
When he's sick unto death of the crowded city,
And travels in tears to the hateful town,—
Come, pack up your traps, you aimless fellow,
Set free your heart when your path lies free;
For the air is light and the sands are yellow,
And women are fair at Boulogne-on-Sea !

May I sing once more of this land of plenty—
Of flowers and fishers, of fruit and lace !
My heart is as young as at five-and-twenty,
Though forty summers have lined my face.
Old Albion's coast isn't lively, is it ?
There are jollier places, you'll all agree ;
So cross the Channel, and come to visit
Our holiday life at Boulogne-on-Sea.

When the poppies of sleep are bruised with resting,
And the streets are full of their carts and cries,
We swimmers, so true to the sea, are breasting
The waves that rush to the lips and eyes.
Then sauntering home without bores or bustle,
With appetite sharp as a man's can be,
We dream of mullet and sea-fed mussel
That melt in the mouth at Boulogne-on-Sea.

For the clock strikes twelve from dome and tower,
And the day's as merry as friendship lasts ;
So the lovers of life leave band and bower
On a rickety pier to break their fast.
Bring shrimp and salad and lobster ruddy,
Bring kindly claret, and then you'll see
We'll make of our indolent meal a study,
Overlooking the port of Boulogne-on-Sea.

The days are long, and the night delayeth ;
We've asphalte tennis, and rinks as well ;
But many a youth with a maiden strayeth
To Ponte de Briques or to quaint Portel.

They tell for ever the old, old story,—

Dear heart, 'twas pleasant to you and me,
When eyes had colour and hair her glory,
And love seemed love at Boulogne-on-Sea.

The night creeps over us soft and mellow—

Go, call the thing that they call a cab ;
For the laughing girl and the dancing fellow
Must visit what's vulgarly called "the Tab."
For singers to-night there are wreaths and roses ;
For winners a prize at the race-game free :
When night in sorrow on Folkestone closes,
We're merry enough at Boulogne-on-Sea.

We've a visit at times from Margate 'Arry,

Who of saying he's come has a noisy knack,—
He has tippled already, but bound to carry
A bottle of poisonous brandy back.
Still, in spite of this—and her faults are many
In the matter of odour and £ s. d.—
There is plenty of change for a pound or penny,
With Pleasure as guide to Boulogne-on-Sea.

BOHEMIA'S LAND.

WHICH is the way from the crowded city,
To a land of shadow and silent peace,
Where women can love, and men can pity,
And tears from sorrowing eyes may cease ?
For the toiling town is harsh and hollow,
And hate points eastward, envy west ;
Though many may fall, yet some will follow
To a home of dreams and the haven of rest.
For the love of heaven, stretch forth your
hand,
And point the way to Bohemia's land.

Where are the fields and their emerald cover,
The wayside flowers and travelling cart,
The new-found love and the long-tried lover ?
They are better by far than our feverish art.

We are sick unto death of jealousy's fetter,
The secret dagger, the ceaseless strife ;
There's triumph in fame, but freedom's better ;
So give us a taste of a wandering life.
The senses sicken as Fancy's hand
Paints endless love in Bohemia's land.

Bohemia's ways are strewn with flowers,
Her children free from the revel of wine ;
Her dust is slaked by the sweetened showers,
'Neath covering trees they toast and dine.
When care creeps close, why away they wander
To seek whatever the mind loves best ;
For hope endures when the heart sees yonder
A purer life and a surer rest.
How many despise, but how few withstand,
The ceaseless joys of Bohemia's land.

To the fields away ! for Nature presses
On toiling foreheads a balmy kiss ;
There's nothing so sweet as her wild caresses,
No love more full to the lips than this.

God grant, my brothers, when all is over,
And holiday hours cut short by fate,
That the sense of flowers and scent of clover
May soften sorrow and silence hate.

Old Time soon measures the fatal sand,
And the curtain falls on Bohemia's land.



HER FIRST BOUQUET.

SWEET little maid with the baby lisp,
List to a sage with his hair turned gray ;
Life with you has been short and crisp,
Come on my knee, you will-'o-the wisp ;
Tell me the tale of your first bouquet.

What is the story the rose-bud tells,
Hid in the heart of a violet crown ?
Is it ambition that blooms and swells ?
Triumph, perhaps, with its peals and knells ?
Is it the art of this tinsel town ?

Come, let me look at your sweet-set face,
Mirrored by time in a distant day ;
How is it possible here to trace
The maiden trial and ended race
That brings its prize in your bride's bouquet ?

Flowers will fall at your feet, maybe,
When tawdry theatres ring with cheers ;
But half concealed by the leaves I see
A letter of love like a burdened bee.
Will it bring honey, my child, or tears ?

Life will lead you the merriest dance—
Sorrow to sun and grave to gay,
Serious fate or the merest chance
May follow with love or a light romance
That whirls you off with your ball bouquet !

Daisies gathered and daisies torn,
“ Loves he well ? or is love forgot ? ”
Dew-kissed buds on a sweet May morn,
Crimson blooms on the rose-bush born,
Lilies entwined with forget-me-not,

These are the flowers of life ! but list
This Christmas-time to a sage turned gray :
Love and memories fade in mist,
Lips grow chilly by Winter kissed,
Death will give us the last bouquet !

TO GLADYS!

(The name of "Gladys" in Welsh means, "The Lady of the Land.")

DENY me not my heritage
To share thy land alone with thee!
Love's book lies open, turn the page
Inscribed with my heart's history!
Life follows us, my gentle one,
And time, pursuing, hunts us down;
We both have dreamed, but nothing's done:
The cross was heavy—where's the crown?
Thy touch is tender, take my hand,
So lead me—Lady of the Land!

I have so little I can give,
My lady's palace to endow,
I dream—and that is how I live:
I love—and I will tell thee how!

My senses in thy presence swim,
And satisfaction seems like pain :
Bear with me, for my eyes are dim
With watching thee for years in vain.
My life awaits thy tender hand ;
Oh, take it—Lady of the Land !

BIENTÔT.

LET it be soon ! Life was not made to long
For distant hours of dim futurity :
Thy presence soothes me like some far-off song.
Oh ! where my heart has rested let it lie,
Hope is the morning : love the afternoon.
Let it be soon !

Let it be soon ! The treasured daylight dies
And changes sadly to the chill of night,
But Summer reigns for ever in thine eyes,
And at thy touch Grief stealeth out of sight.
After sad years of longing, Love must swoon.
Let it be soon !

Let it be soon ! Love cannot live like this,
Lost in a maze of wild expectancy :
Life can endure if solaced by a kiss,
But Faith, if unrewarded, it must die.
Thou art cold Winter : I am sun in June.
Let it be soon !

A THANKSGIVING.

My life had fainted : all my world was sad,
For cruel Fate had dealt a coward's blow.
Home had denied me peace, its accents glad
Had turned to tears ; its sun was changed to snow !
'Twas then I lifted up my broken voice,
Crying in terror, " Will this soul-pain cease ? "
And as I paused a whisper said, " Rejoice !
The end of sorrow to the sad is peace."

I saw a vision of an island home
Clasped in a love embrace of soaring seas ;
Fair children beckoned me to come and roam
Among the flowered grass beneath the trees.
Cowslips of gold and soft-eyed pimpernels,
Sheets of wild hyacinth of heavenly blue,
Shouted a welcome, and from daisy-dells
Forgotten voices said, " We wait for you."

There is a corner in the isle I love,
 Dear by a thousand spring-time memories,
Whose voice is tender as the coo of dove,
 And touch as soft as fleece of summer skies.
Here was the peace ! here the deep haven-rest !
 Here, thankful, stretched upon the flow'r-starred
 sod,
I drank new gratitude from Nature's breast,
 And breathed thanksgivings on the lap of God !

"MY DARLINGS THREE."

WHAT shall I bring thee from that distant land
Where I shall wander, far across the sea ?
Here as we sit together, hand in hand,
Three gifts I promise for my darlings three !

"Bring me a horse !" shouted the bonny boy,
A wild light sparkled in his eyes of blue ;
"Bring me a horse, my father, it were joy
To ride for ever, and to follow you !"

"Bring me a rose, to plant beside the lake,"
So sighed the little daughter in mine ear ;
"One flower to cherish for my father's sake,
To water, when he's absent, with a tear !"

There was a silence round us after this,

The mother moved the children from my knee ;

Then through her tears she whispered, with a kiss,

“Bring me thy heart, my love! come back to me!”

JACQUES OFFENBACH.

DIED IN PARIS, OCTOBER, 1880.

LIGHTLY lie the turf upon him ! Muse of Music he
possessed,

He of melody was master, let us sing him to his
rest.

Friend of long ago remembered ! you were girl and
I was boy,

When he took our hearts to Paris, and he sung to us
of Troy.

Tell him—*Dites Lui*, remember—we recall the storm
and stress

Of the nights Napoleonic, and the jewelled *Grande*
Duchesse

We behold as in a vista, art supreme and fancy free
Struck to song by golden Schneider, and to wit by
quaint Dupuis !

Classic days of merry music on the memory remain
With *Eurydice*, and *Orpheus*, with *John Styx*, and
Belle Hélène.

Gods in high Olympus revelled on the mimic stage
in France,

When King Jove let loose his thunder, and Queen
Juno led the dance.

Magic charm was yours, my master, for we tripped
at your command

Through the dreamy valse, the galop, and the
maddened saraband.

Evöe! cried jovial Bacchus, little Cupid loosed his
bow,

In the Paris of the Empire, in the days of long ago.

Ah! my merry Gipsy maiden, *Périchole* with Spanish
eyes,

Sing your letter song; then take us to the tender
"Bridge of Sighs,"

Where romance was set to music; ah! but sweeter
let it flow

Chanson matchless of De Musset! song of young
Fortunio!

With a *répertoire* exhaustless, classic fable, folly, fun,
Cruel Thanatos gave signal, and the overture was
done—

Still he won in competition, but his equal where and
when?

For his life's success was Paris—yes, *La Vie*
Parisienne!

♦
Drape the orchestra in mourning, wreath the violin
and bow,

Leave the *bâton* where he placed it—'tis the final
beat, you know;

Gather up the parts, 'tis over, come dismiss the band
you can,

Death is now the *Tambour Major*, and he rolls his
rataplan.

Stop the dancing for a moment, take your partner to
the stairs,

And together in a dreamland, hear his operatic airs.
Mirth has ended; and a spirit full of melody has fled
To a land of sweeter music—merry Offenbach is
dead!

A PRISONER OF WAR !

HECTOR MACLAINE, R. A., *Murdered at Candahar, A.D. 1880.* 

COME ! gather round, and I'll tell you a story—

Strange it may sound in material days.

War is the theme and its issue is glory,—

Silly old troubadours jingled such lays.

What is the name of my hero ? Writ plain,

Soldier, and Scotchman, it's HECTOR MAC-
LAINE !

HECTOR sounds well in a story of battle ;

HOMER had some such old hero in Troy.

Schoolboys may doubt ; but the roar and the rattle,

Cannon and smoke—that's the school of the boy.

Woolwich Cadet ! oh ! so cruelly slain :

Why did they leave you, young HECTOR
MACLAINE ?

Leave you, my lad ? When your friends all adored
you.

Was there one comrade refused you his life ?
War is full dear ; but we could not afford you,
You who rejoiced in the drum and the fife.
Ours is the loss, but to fame is the gain :
Why did they kill you, young HECTOR MAC-
LAINE ?

Kill'd you a prisoner ! Left there, and lonely,
Waiting in hope for the grasp of our hand,
Straining your ears for our cheering, and only
Living to leap at the lilt of your band !
Cursed be the murderers ! Children of Cain,
Those who betrayed you, our HECTOR MAC-
LAINE !

How our hearts beat when we thought we could save
you !
We were so cheery, and you, boy, so far.
Unfurl the colours ! We thought they could wave
you
Hope from the lads to the far Candahar !

Strike up the pipes ! for we'll at him again :
ROBERTS is marching to HECTOR MAC-
LAINE !

Merciless fate ! When the Highlanders started,
Firm in their purpose to rescue a friend,
Out from the ambush the enemy darted,
Called the last roll, stabb'd,—and that was the
end !
Just as we breasted the hill from the plain,
Died, like a soldier, young HECTOR MAC-
LAINE !

Died ? Why, of course, he met death like a hero,
Baring his breast whilst the prisoners fled.
He was the victim, his gaoler the Nero,
Piling *his* body on heaps of the dead.
Still, ere you fell, and were mixed with the
slain,
Scotland was true to you—HECTOR MAC-
LAINE !

THOMAS CARLYLE.

BORN 1795. DIED 1881.

SHUT fast the door ! Let not our vulgar din
Vex the long rest of patriarchal age ;
But one step more eternal peace to win,
England's Philosopher ! old Chelsea's Sage !

How they will greet him ! When he nears the home
Where dwell the deathless spirits of the dead—
GOETHE and SCHILLER, "sovereign souls," will
come
To crown with *immortelles* his honoured head.

Out from the unknown shore, the heroes past—
CROMWELL of England, FREDERICK the Great—
Will lead the grand procession, and recast
The roll of genius that he joined so late.

What will his message be, from life to death
Grand hero-worshipper of years ago?
"Is England true?" they'll ask him in one breath.
"Faithful to history?" He'll answer No!

To this indictment he must pledge his word,—
What warrant else could an historian sign?—
He lived through England's triumph, but he heard
With dying ears the shudder of decline.

Perchance the revolution and the shame
That like black shadows crossed the Commons'
floor,
Were spared him dying! Whisper not their name—
Shut fast the door! He's sleeping. Close the
door!



CALLED TO THE BAR!

IN MEMORIAM F. L. T. Died December 7, 1879. Aged 23.

OVER the life of our friend we may linger,
Free from the tears that we gave him of late,
Touched as he was with the resolute finger
I say of Providence—some say of Fate.
Youth as he was, still a sadness crept o'er him ;
Silent he looked to the future afar,
Acting a cynic with fortune before him,
Buoyed up with hope to be "called to the bar."

Why was he weary when Love had caress'd him,
Born unto happiness, sprung from the best ?
Only the skirt of the "madding crowd" press'd him ;
Why was life sadder to him than the rest ?
Still with eyes kindled to fire he'd remember
Visions of destiny mirror'd afar,
Saying, "Forget not your friend in December ;"
Then—if I've luck—I'll be "called to the bar."

Slowly December crept nearer and nearer,

Snow'd up with sorrow, grief-stricken with rain,

Out of the multitude who was there dearer,

Waiting his terrible trial in pain ?

Sadly the hope of our hearts was arrested,

None heard our cries though the "Gates were ajar ;"

He was by God the Examiner tested,

Found out the best, and was "*Called to the Bar.*"

In Memoriam.

LILIAN ADELAIDE NEILSON.

Died in Paris, August 14th, 1880.

WHAT shall my gift be to the dead one lying
Wrapt in the mantle of her mother earth ?
No tear, no voice, no prayer, or any sighing,
Gives back her face made beautiful by birth.

Honour was due to one whose soul was tender,
Whose nature quickened at the touch of art ;
Now that the struggle's over, God will send her
Mercy and peace to soothe her troubled heart.

Tears will be shed ; for who dare raise the finger
Of scorn when all is buried in the grave ?
Some pity near her memory will linger ;
Upon life's stormy sea she tossed—a wave !

Life's weary hill she bravely fell in breasting,

Her work was done ; "Oh take me home," she
sighs ;

Whisper it low, she sleeps not, "she is resting,"

So fell the curtain, and she closed her eyes.

The flowers she loved will deck the cross that shows
us

Where all remains of what was once so fair.

Yes! she is dead, but still, perhaps, she knows us

Who say "Implora pace!" for our prayer.

They gave love's playthings, who were wont to win
her,

As Juliet coaxed to happiness her nurse ;

But I, who knew the goodness that was in her,

Place humbly on her grave—this leaf of verse !

OURS!

A SONG OF FRIENDSHIP.

WHERE are the boys of the old Brigade?
Give them a call, my Captain true!
Through time's weather, in sun or shade,
All were loyal, old friend, to you.
Ere together we face the rain,
Strong with the sorrows of twenty years,
Call them back to us once again,
Summon their ghosts to this vale of tears.

How we hoped in the times long past!
How we loved in the days gone by!
How we clung to the creaking mast,
When storms were pitiless, you and I!
True we were to a friendly craft,
Side by side as we paced the deck;
How did *we* manage to steer the raft,
Bound to the spars of a splendid wreck?

Is our reward that we loved them so,
Boys of "Ours" who have passed away,
Leaving the seasons of sun and snow
For endless prison in mould and clay ?
How they struggled ere death made peace !
How they lighted this changing scene !
But Jeffrey sleeps 'neath flowers at Nice,
And Paul's forgotten in Kensal Green.

Give me a place in the new Brigade,
Private, corporal, what you will ;
Here's the loyalty friendship made,
Here's my heart—it is beating still.
"Gentlemen all, may I join your band ?"
Brothers in arms at the least are we ;
Let me kneel whilst I kiss the hand
Of the sisters gracing our company.

Now let's march to the grand old tune,
Fired with faith of the loved old time,
Wake love's echoes in May and June,
With nervous prose and with graceful rhyme !

Let us press on for our captain's smile ;
Cheer for " Ours " ere our toils begin.
Come now ! silence in rank and file,
Ready and steady let's all fall in !

IN SIGHT OF HOME.

THE mistletoe hangs near the sea-kissed sails, and the
waves as they follow us, fleck'd with foam,
Are bearing a vessel from sea to shore, and a dozen
brave hearts to their Christmas home.
Storms and sorrows are left behind with the roar and
rock of the endless tide,
That speeds the son to his mother's arms, and the
sailor's heart to his destined bride.
There's an answer true to the midnight prayer, and a
prospect bright for the daylight hope :
Give it her, boys ! for the wind is true ! clear the deck
and get ready the rope !
Do you see that speck of an island there, the old
white cliffs, and the flag that's free,
Fluttered and fretted by favouring breeze that
signals home to the ships at sea ?

Fortune and fate, we have followed them both in the
 hammock below and before the mast,
But it's over now, the journey's done, and the weary
 mariner's home at last !

What shall we find when we reach the shore, with
 Christmas hearts and the bells in tune ?
Will love be true as December frost, or fickle and fall
 like the rose in June ?
Will hands be warm as our beating hearts, or home
 strike cold as the changing wave ;
Shall we sing, my lads, when the door is closed, or
 seek in sorrow a new-made grave ?
Will the wife be the same as we saw her last, kissing
 her hand as the sun went down,
When the vessel was lost in a haze of mist, and the
 lights grew less of the dear old town ?
We have been away to the far-off lands—the burning
 tropics, the blinding snows—
And they have been snug and secure at home, praying,
 forgetting—well, goodness knows !

A minute more, and the doubt's at rest of lover and
father, of false and free ;
Steer hard, my lads, for the harbour-bar that separates
home from the ships at sea !

It doesn't look well to be down in luck, when the
Christmas bells in the frosty air
Are filling the world with a sound goodwill, and
freeing the heart from a blank despair.
But I recall such a morn as this, when we'd hung the
mistletoe made for love,
Secure in the topmost spars, up there, and the
fluttering ensign waved above.
We had sailed to port on a Christmas morn to greet
the woman that each loved best ;
They filled my arms with a baby boy and said my
mother had gone to rest,
And down to the vessel they raced—but one, she sank
with a wail on her bended knee,
For we told the lass, as our tears ran down, we had
buried our mate in the sad, salt sea.

There are sorrows and smiles in a sailor's life, there
are husbands lost and children born
To those who watch and to those who wait, when the
ship sails home on a Christmas morn !

* * * * *

But cheer, my lads, as we shorten sail ; put the little
one quick in my arms to take
A mistletoe kiss from the lips of land, and give us
some luck for the sailor's sake.
The dripping garments of sailors saved were the
votive gifts in the days of Rome ;
Let ours be hope, and a sailor's prayer, when Christmas
comes with a sight of Home !

A LAST CONFESSION.

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.—HORACE.

LILY! look at me! I love you,
 Though I whisper it too late;
For I see black clouds above you
 And the darkened sky of fate.
Let them say true hearts must sever;
 Let them tell of broken ties;
But you'll hold me bound for ever
 With the chain of dreamy eyes!

You may find, *formosa cara*,
 In this weary wilderness,
Many a richer man, and far a
 Better heart than I possess.
Though the past you try to smother,
 Saying truly we must part,
Lily! you will find another—
 Never such a faithful—heart.

Life must be a dark December
Through the long advancing years,
When your beauty I remember,
Then my eyes may fill with tears.
You may fill my heart with sorrow
When I think upon your name.
Break another heart to-morrow,
I shall ever be the same.

When I dream of love mistaken,
And my evening lamp is lit ;
When I feel I am forsaken,
And disconsolate I sit ;
When I hear your solemn " never,"
I may curse the hour we met ;
But I'm doomed to love for ever,
And I never can forget !

THE LEAF AND THE BOOK.

A BALLAD.

ACROSS the meadow-land together
A youth and merry maiden stray'd
Where grasses grew, and purple heather,
'Midst chequered peeps of sun and shade.
At last beside the river seated,
He took her book—this lover sage,
One fallen willow-leaf secreted,
Then slowly folded down the page.

Next year the maiden slowly strolling
Alone beside the river's brim,
Saw summer-time to winter rolling,
And rested there to think of him.
Her eyes with sorrow's tints were shaded
Her book still pictured youth and age—
The fallen willow-leaf had faded
Where he had folded down the page.

Years after by the stream forsaken,
In winter time she wandered forth;
Great forest trees with storms were shaken,
Sent from the Kingdom of the North.
She found the spot where they were seated
Before he left her for renown;
No willow-leaf the book secreted,
But life's sad page was folded down !

THE OUTCAST.

Magistrate (curtly). How do you live ?

Prisoner (sadly). I do not live, my lord, I only linger !

WHY do they hunt me so from street to street ?

I'm but a weary, God-forsaken creature !

In all my wanderings no friend I meet,

I find no love in any human feature.

What can your rich world care for such as I,

Seared to the heart by scorn's accusing finger ?

A weary outcast only wants to die—

I do not live, my lord, I only linger !

There was a time when all I touch'd turn'd gold,

Then friends flock'd merrily to taste my bounty ;

I never turned a dog into the cold,

Or let the poor go starving to the county ;

Still I was robb'd of all I loved : but how ?

Ask Death, of all my ills the evil-bringer.

All are gone from me ! All are gone ! and now

I do not live, my lord, I only linger.

Will the dark never come to one whose feet
Are bruised with stones cast on a road of tears ?
When will the daylight fade and let me greet
Friends whom I loved in dear remembered years ?
Why am I tortured in this lovely world
Where I must ask, and they will never give ?
In distant harbour where rent sails are furled,
There let me linger, Lord, that I may live !

A LOST LETTER.

[*Extract from a letter picked up on Margate Pier*: "I am so sorry you are obliged to go away to-day. You do not know how much I care to be with you. You are so different to other men, so kind to me. If I had known a man like you years ago, I might have been a better woman."]

JUST read this letter, old friend of mine !

I picked it up upon Margate Pier,

In a whirling whirl of women and wine :

'Twas blotted and blurred with a fallen tear.

Come, think one minute of years ago,

When the chance was with us—a soul to save.

The whim was in us to love, you know ;

But the woman she fell to a fool or knave.

'Tis easy to picture the tortured heart

That faced despair and a grief like this ;

She saw her lover unloved depart,

And turned again to a hateful kiss.

" Had I been loved by a man like you "—

O weary woman ! O fearful fate !

'Tis a passionate cry ; but it strikes us through

Who sigh too soon, but who love too late.

Who was the woman ? I seem to trace

Her footprints here in Vanity Fair ;

A mother, perchance, with an earnest face ;

A wife with a glory of Titian hair ;

A soul perplexed, and a faith at stake ;

A life nigh lost—there are thousands such

Who face the world, when their heartstrings break,

For the one kind word, and the tender touch !

Who was the man ? What matter at all ?

'Tis man who ruins and sows the tears ;

'Tis men who tempt, but women who fall,

And are never absolved in the deathless years.

The least we can do, O brothers, is this :

Whilst love is with us, and life seems down,

We can soothe the sad with a gentle kiss,

And dry the eyes that our sins can drown.

Go back, lost letter of wild despair,
I will cast you forth on the infinite sea ;
But the day glides on, and the Margate air
Is piercing sweet to the world and me.
But still I can never forget—can you ?—
That cry that nothing can soothe or cease :
“ Had I been loved by a man like you,
I had lived far better, and died in peace ! ”

THE STORY OF A STÓWAWAY !

COME, my lad, and sit beside me ; we have often
talked before

Of the hurricane and tempest, and the storms on sea
and shore :

When we read of deeds of daring, done for dear old
England's sake,

We have cited NELSON'S duty, and the enterprise of
DRAKE ;

'Midst the fever'd din of battle, roll of drum, and
scream of fife,

Heroes pass in long procession, calmly yielding up
their life.

Pomps and pageants have their glory, in cathedral
aisles are seen

Marble effigies ; but seldom of the mercantile
marine.

If your playmates love adventure, bid them gather
round at school

Whilst you tell them of a hero, Captain STRACHAN,
of Liverpool.

Spite of storm and stress of weather, in a gale that
lashed the land,

On the *Cyprian* screw steamer, there the Captain
took his stand.

He was no fair-weather sailor, and he often made
the boast

That the ocean safer sheltered than the wild
Carnarvon coast.

He'd a good ship underneath him, and a crew of
English form,

So he sailed from out the Mersey in the hurricane
and storm.

All the luck was dead against him—with the tempest
at its height,

Fires expired, and rudders parted, in the middle of
the night

Sails were torn and rent asunder. Then he spoke
with bated breath :—

“Save yourselves, my gallant fellows! we are
drifting to our death!”

Then they looked at one another, and they felt the
awful shock,

When, with louder crash than tempest, they were
dashed upon a rock.

All was over now and hopeless ; but across those
miles of foam

They could hear the shouts of people, and could see
the lights of home.

"All is over !" screamed the Captain. "You have
answered duty's call.

Save yourselves ! I cannot help you ! God have
mercy on us all !"

So they rushed about like madmen, seizing belt, and
oar, and rope—

For the sailor knows where life is, there's the faintest
ray of hope—

Then amidst the wild confusion, at the dreaded dawn
of day,

From the hold of that doomed vessel crept a
wretched Stowaway !

Who shall tell the saddened story of this miserable
lad ?

Was it wild adventure stirred him, was he going to
the bad ?

Was he thief, or bully's victim, or a runaway from
school,

When he stole that fatal passage from the port of
Liverpool ?

No one looked at him, or kicked him, 'midst the
paralyzing roar

All alone he felt the danger, and he saw the distant
shore.

Over went the gallant fellows, when the ship was
breaking fast,

And the Captain with his life-belt—he prepared to
follow last ;

But he saw a boy neglected, with a face of ashy
grey,

“ Who are you ? ” roared out the Captain. “ I’m the
boy what stow’d away ! ”

There was scarce another second left to think what
he could do,

For the fatal ship was sinking—Death was ready for
the two.

So the Captain called the outcast as he faced the
tempest wild,

From his own waist took the life-belt, and he bound
it round the child.

“ I can swim, my little fellow ! Take the belt, and
make for land.

Up, and save yourself ! ” The outcast humbly knelt
to kiss his hand.

With the life-belt round his body then the urchin
cleared the ship ;
Over went the gallant Captain, with a blessing on
his lip.
But the hurricane howled louder than it ever howled
before,
As the Captain and the Stowaway were making for
the shore !

When you tell this gallant story to your playfellows
at school,
They will ask you of the hero—Captain STRACHAN,
of Liverpool.
You must answer they discovered—on the beach at
break of day,
Safe—the battered, breathing body of the little
Stowaway ;
And they watched the waves of wreckage, and they
searched the cruel shore,
But the man who tried to save the little outcast—was
no more.

* * * * *

When they speak of English heroes, tell this story
where you can,
To the everlasting credit of the bravery of man,

Tell it out in tones of triumph, or with tears and
quicken'd breath,
"Manhood's stronger far than storms, and Love is
mightier than Death!"

EDEN !

[A Reminiscence of Armathwaite Castle, Carlisle, 1880.]

DEEP in the summer time of long ago

There dwelt on either side a broken stream

A knight who sighing felt love's passion grow,

A maiden lost in a delicious dream :

His gallant life was lost in Holy Land,

Her love was buried in sad life's regret ;

Loving the river where they folded hands,

Some called it Eden where those lovers met.

The summer-time still comes though knights are
dead,

With tears of maidens rivers rush to sea ;

Love ruleth still though chivalry has fled,

His kisses were the same to you and me.

All was the same from bridge to ruined mill,

Across the stream we loved, and met to part,

Wild winters change to flower-time, but still

They call it Eden where you broke my heart !

HE TRIED TO SPEAK.

[A Reminiscence of Lord Beaconsfield.]

HE tried to speak! Fired with the flush of youth,
With folded arms, uprising from his seat,
Burning with eloquence for love and truth,
He courted failure and he faced defeat.
"Listen, my country," said the trembling voice,
"Yours is the victory against the weak."
The day will come when England shall rejoice
He tried to speak!

He tried to speak! Through the long numbered
years,
To check the ruin that was called advance,
And stop the madmen who have worn the tears
From conquered Denmark and from wasted
France.

Sprung from the people, when he bade them wake,
'Twas in the cause of freedom, not of freak,
His policy was England's ! for her sake
He tried to speak.

He tried to speak for chivalry and taste,
The charm of courtesy, the polished pen,
For old "festina lente," not hot haste,
The aristocracy of gentlemen !
For Queen beloved and uncorrupted court,
To stem the torrent and to stop the leak,
To bring the old ship safely into port,
He tried to speak.

He tried to speak, that he might quell the storm
That gathered slowly round his country's head :
Sworn to protect, 'twas he that gave reform,
Peace to the living, honour to the dead ;
And when at last was spent his latest breath,
Warm hands of friends closed over fingers weak,
Folding his arms, he rose, and facing death,
He tried to speak !

THE SONG OF THE STEAK!

[After Captain Charles Morris. Dedicated to the Beef-Steak Club
of 1880.]

COME fill me a tankard that foams to the brim,
And let me encircle my sorrows with smoke,
For the next one to "her" that I love it is "him,"
If he sings a good song, and can crack a bad joke.
Away with your cynical fellows who say
That a club is the haunt of the dissolute rake,
When the jolliest place at the close of the day
Is the home that we find in the heart of the
Steak!

The barrister bored with a troublesome brief,
The journalist sick of the desk and the pen,
Can gather around, and enjoy the relief
Of playing the farce of some indolent men.

So come all you writers of novels and plays,
For a minute your fiction and fancy forsake,
You will never invent to the end of your days
Such scenes or such men as are found at the Steak.

Here lions contentedly sup with the lambs,
And youth to the elderly folly restores,
There are some who would beat Ananias at crams,
And plenty of latitude given to bores.
Who cares ? when the night stealeth slyly to dawn,
If the merry comedian keeps us awake,
So we linger and laugh the blue devils to scorn,
Kicking rascally Care from the doors of the Steak.

Come show me the man who such fun could resist,
It sparkles in summer, nor dies in the frost,
For here we can toast the sweet lips we have kissed,
And here we must mourn the good fellows we've
lost !

Let them sneer as they will, and past ages recall,
The pride of our fathers we'll never forsake,
For they left us this legacy dearest of all,
And the heart of good fellowship clings to the
Steak !

THE LAKE.

[After M. de Lamartine.]

ON, on, for evermore we seem to glide
Past new-found meadows, flower-starred and bright,
No hope of turning back, still side by side
On, thro' the dark and everlasting night.
Can we not ever still Time's golden stream,
And on its ocean bosom idly rest?
One day! one hour! May we not sweetly dream
Here safely anchored on its glassy breast?

O summer lake! to thee the fickle year
Whispers sad secrets which thou dar'st not tell,
Mirror'd on thy fair face I linger near,
Ere she has come to bid a long farewell!
Look in mine eyes! here where she ever creeps
I'll sit me down upon this mossy stone;
Here, where she sadly sighs and wildly weeps,
Here evermore I'll sigh and weep alone.

Thus 'neath these mighty rocks your hollow groan,
 Bellow'd incessantly, your hideous roar
Echoed for ever, thus your dying moan
 Washed the torn splinters to the sheltering shore.
'Twas thus the wind-storm chanting out its song
 Of desolation round her lonely seat,
Toss'd from the wavelets hurrying along
 Snow-crested foam-flakes to her fairy feet.

Hast thou forgot that evening, friend of mine ?
 Lip-lock'd we wandered slowly hand in hand ;
The waves refused to murmur, stars to shine,
 An awful stillness reigned thro' all the land ;
Silent the rocks which thy sad water laves,
 No sound save rowers' voices far from shore ;
Still, save the music of thy silver waves
 Thrown tunelessly from off the pulsing oar.

Then all at once a strange low stream of sound,
 Fell suddenly, and soon the silence broke ;
And as its harmony was echoed round
 The earth was tun'd to sweetness and awoke.

The wavelets stopp'd to listen and to tell
 News glad enough to make all hearts rejoice.
Then on my anxious ears at last sweet fell
 The summer accents of her golden voice.

Oh ! fly not from us, happy Time,
 And leave us thus behind you,
These are the hours for love and rhyme,
 Keep fast the ties that bind you.
Come, let us taste the sweets of life,
 Our hope you would not sever,
Our merry hearts can know no strife
 When all is joy for ever !

There may be some who know distress,
 And some who've supped with sorrow.
Well ! bear them off in kindness,
 Return for us to-morrow.
But take with them the gnawing pain,
 Life's care and raging fever,
Forget us ! well or call again,
 Now all is joy for ever.

In vain I ask a moment's grace,
For rest there's no use trying,
No respite on thy wings I trace,
Old Time is always flying.
I sing, "Speed slowly, happy night,
These hours I can't deliver."
The morning puts the night to flight
And Time speeds on for ever !

O summer lake ! old Time will pass you by ;
O speechless rocks ! why talk to you of pain ?
O darksome caves ! you echo back no sigh ;
O gloomy forest ! you will live again.
But when at last in turn my sun has set,
And Time has winged me far away from sight,
That hour, sweet Nature, you must not forget,
Or all the rapture of that happy night.

Remember it, when Nature seems to sleep,
And all around is calm and hush'd to rest,
When over thee the darkling rain-clouds weep,
And fierce storms ruffle thy contented breast.

Remember I will pass and smiling hills

And forests which the coming breezes shake :

And waving grasses, and the tiny rills

And trees surrounding my beloved lake.

O gentle zephyrus bring me and blow

The golden music every day and hour :

And every moment sigh and whisper low

The sunny memories from flower to flower

And when the heavens are silver crowded with light

And shed their starry radiance on thee,

Then think of all the glory of that night,

And then, O summer lake, remember me !

DEAD MEN ;

A BRINDISI ON BROKEN BOTTLES.

DEAD men all ! On a mouldy heap
Here lie forgotten the friends of man,
Their faces soiled ! Ah ! the earwigs creep
Down into the mouth where the red blood ran.
Good friends of ours, in the days gone by,
We'd have scorned to be kicking your corpses then ;
But now you're thrown in the dirt to lie,
And we're in search of as noble men.

Pile them up where they rest so cold,
Flung out at the end of the garden dark,
But cover their kingly necks of gold,
And deeply bury the regal mark.
Is this a funeral fit for those
Whose eloquent voices made us love ?
No matter how deep of grave, the rose
It smelt, the pitiless earth above !

Here's one whose neck has a silver streak,
And just a scrap of a wiry chain :
He binds us fast to a splendid week,
When enemies old were friends again.
Deep, deep, we drank of his heart's best blood ;
He made us smile as we clasped our hands ;
He turned a beautiful stream from mud,
And anger vanished at his commands.

Sir Sable Face ! are you slaughtered too ?
You carry me back to the winter time,
When snow was clinging about the yew,
And sharp came ringing the Christmas chime ;
When firelight played upon curtains red ;
When we were snug, though the world was sad.
It matters but little of things we said,
This fine old fellow ! he made us glad.

And here, sweet wife, is the best of all !—
What gift of thanks can a husband make ?
When Death had struck, and I saw you fall,
He spilt his blood for your darling sake.

And here's another, whose neck we broke
When a vessel touched at the harbour head,
When the sleeping joy of a life awoke,
For the boy was back we had dreamed as dead.

Dead men all! let me leave them thus
On the cold clay ground where our best friends
sleep,
For friends may never come back to us,
And dearest memories make us weep.
I'll think of these and the dear old time,
Those happiest hours which friendship gave,
Until once more I repeat my rhyme,
And stand again at an open grave.

AN ANNUAL CAROL.

SEASON of turkey and sausages round,
Days of dyspepsia, waits at night,
Snow—in the picture books—covers the ground,
Story-book Christmases never come right.
Christmas is coming, and can't stay long,
Revellers roar about wassail and cheer ;
Say ! are they singing a cynical song ?
“ Christmas cometh but once a year.”

All of us sitting at family beef,
Friends to a man for the season's sake ;
Which of the company dares turn thief
For those who die in the street and shake !
Dives, shut in a fortunate fold,
Sighs to himself, “ Were the boy but here ! ”
Lazarus maundereth out in the cold,
“ Christmas cometh but once a year.”

Life is a snap-dragon game at best,
For burning fingers and gaining plums ;
But men mistaken, and maids caress'd,
Agree when an echo of Yuletide comes.
The little ones shout when the church-bells ring,
The lonely widower wipes a tear ;
Isn't it strange that they all should sing,
" Christmas cometh but once a year " ?

Tipsiness travels along with tips,
To one and another we lend a hand ;
'Tis human nature—we all have slips,
'Tis custom—all of us understand !
Tradition is silly, we all agree,
And man's a beast when the man's in beer !
Curious fellows they fail to see,
" Christmas cometh but once a year."

Story-book morals, kind friends, are sweet,
And tales like mine are the best when old ;
They'll surely live, if our pulses beat,
To warm the heart—for the world is cold !

A holiday short in a year too long,
A fortunate fling in a life too dear,
Tell us if this is a cynical song ?
" Christmas cometh but once a year ! "

"DE MORTUIS!"

AN APPEAL FOR A CRIMEAN CEMETERY.

"'Bury me with the men' were the last words of one of the purest spirits ever known among British soldiers."—*Daily Paper*.

I.

SIDE by side to the battle we strode,
Facing our death like men!
Waving his sword the old Colonel rode
Straight to the tiger's den.
Whispered words in a bated breath,
Troubled the ranks that morn;
Where shall we lie? if the "Sergeant Death"
Summons a hope forlorn?
We saw the plume of the Colonel wave,
And heard him muttering then,
"Put *me* to rest in a soldier's grave,
Bury me *there* with the men!"

II.

"I have a mother whose heart will break ;
Dear Home," the Ensign said :
He checked his sob for the regiment's sake,
But I saw his lips had bled ;
"Among the grasses I'd like to lie,
I've played there half my life !
Bear me to *her*—on her breast to die,
Take me to children—wife !"
But still we followed the Colonel's crest,
Who still kept muttering then,
"A soldier's grave is a place for rest,
Bury me deep with the men !"

III.

"Colonel, speak ! is it cross or stone
Will mark where the regiment bled ?
Better it were to be left alone,
Forgotten with England's dead ;
Sad it were to be hidden away
Where never a tear will fall ;
How many here, at the close of day,
Will answer the bugle's call ?

We cheered the voice of our Colonel brave,
Who answered pluckily then,
"Old England's trust is the soldier's grave,
Bury me *here* with the men!"

PERPLEXITY.

WHAT have I done that I should earn a smile,
Breathed from thy lips where unvisited corners
rest ?

Why do I stand transfixed and gaze awhile
At hair of gold, sun-stricken like the west ?

Why have those eyes a dreamy mystery,
Telling of troubled life, of heart unwon ?

I dare not meet thy glance so base am I.

What have I done ?

What have I done that one face holds me so,
And follows me in fancy through the day ?

Why do I seek thy love ? I only know

That fate is resolute and points the way
To thy sweet presence, bathed in amber light,
As soft as when we greet the new-born sun ;
Since first our eyes entangled, there's no night,

What have I done ?

What can be done ? As yet no touch, no kiss !

Only a gaze across your eyes' blue lake.

Better it were, sweetheart, to dream like this

Than afterwards to shudder—and awake !

Love is so very bitter, and his ways

Tortured with thorns, with wild weeds overgrown.

Can I live on unloved these lifeless days ?

What can be done ?

THE INDIAN GIRL'S LAMENT.

[After Victor Hugo.]

FORGET? Can I forget the scented breath
Of breezes, sighing of thee, in mine ear ;
The strange awaking from a dream of death ;
The sudden thrill to find thee coming near ?
Our huts were desolate, and far away
I heard thee calling me throughout the day.
No one had seen thee pass.
Trembling I came. Alas !
Can I forget ?

Once I was beautiful ; my maiden charms
Died with the grief that from my bosom fell.
Ah ! weary traveller ! rest in my loving arms !
Let there be no regrets and no farewell !

Here of thy mother sweet, where waters flow,
Here of thy fatherland we whispered low ;
Here music, praise, and pray'r
Fill'd the glad summer air.
Can I forget ?

Forget ? My dear old home must I forget ?
And wander forth and hear my people weep,
Far from the woods where, when the sun has set,
Fearless but weary to thy arms I creep ;
Far from lush flow'rets and the palm tree's moan
I could not live. Here let me rest alone !
Go ! I must follow nigh,
With thee I'm doomed to die.
Never forget !

A WOMAN AND A QUEEN.

[A Song of Sympathy dedicated to the American Nation after
the Death of President Garfield.]

WE gave our tears when sorrow crush'd
The universal West.
Hands folded hands ; soft whispers hush'd
Great passions in the breast.
A thrill was felt from south to north,
Such as has never been.
Then England's messenger went forth :
A Woman and a Queen !

Our poets sing of hearts of oak,
And England's duty too ;
But grander were the words she spoke
Who gave our hearts to you.

We heard the pray'r to Heaven above,
The nation's lips between,
And sent our messenger of love :
A Woman and a Queen !

The sweetest flowers fade and die ;
Time checks the saddest tears ;
But this must be a memory ,
Through the oncoming years.
A common grief made passion cease ;
Love lighted up the scene
Where stood our messenger of peace :
A Woman and a Queen !

Shake hands ! and pledge like honest folk,
And let us intertwine
A bough of sturdy English oak
With spray of Western pine.
From distant shores of endless shade,
Across to village green,
We'll toast the union that was made
By Woman—and a Queen !

THE FALLEN ROSE.

[Dropped from the Bouquet of Lady Teazle after the Screen Scene.]

A SONNET AND A REMINISCENCE.

I SAW her last, delirious with the scene,
Panting like fawn, safe from pursuing cheers.
My hand gave joy her trembling hands between.
A rose fell at our feet, bedewed with tears.
“Why hast thou fallen from her, Rose?” I said,
“Save that thou blushed at seeing her more fair
Than thy companions. Why not crown her head,
And kiss the happy laurels in her hair?”
All woman-like—she left to play her part,
And I to clasp her rose-bud to my heart !

TO ISABEL!

"A courage to endure and to obey ;
A hate of gossip parlance and of sway,
Crown'd Isabel, through all her placid life .
The Queen of Marriage, a most perfect wife."—*Tennyson.*

FOR years, twice seven, we've boldly struggled through

The thorny thicket of a tangled life ;

When all grew dark, hope came at last from you,

Most placid woman, and most perfect wife !

Aw'd by its lovely majesty, I've seen

God's star of purity above your eyes.

What sweeter faith than yours has ever been !

What grander gift—a love that never dies !

Trembling I ask how dared I pluck the flow'r,

Your lily-life of modesty supreme,

To water it with tears and sorrow's show'r,

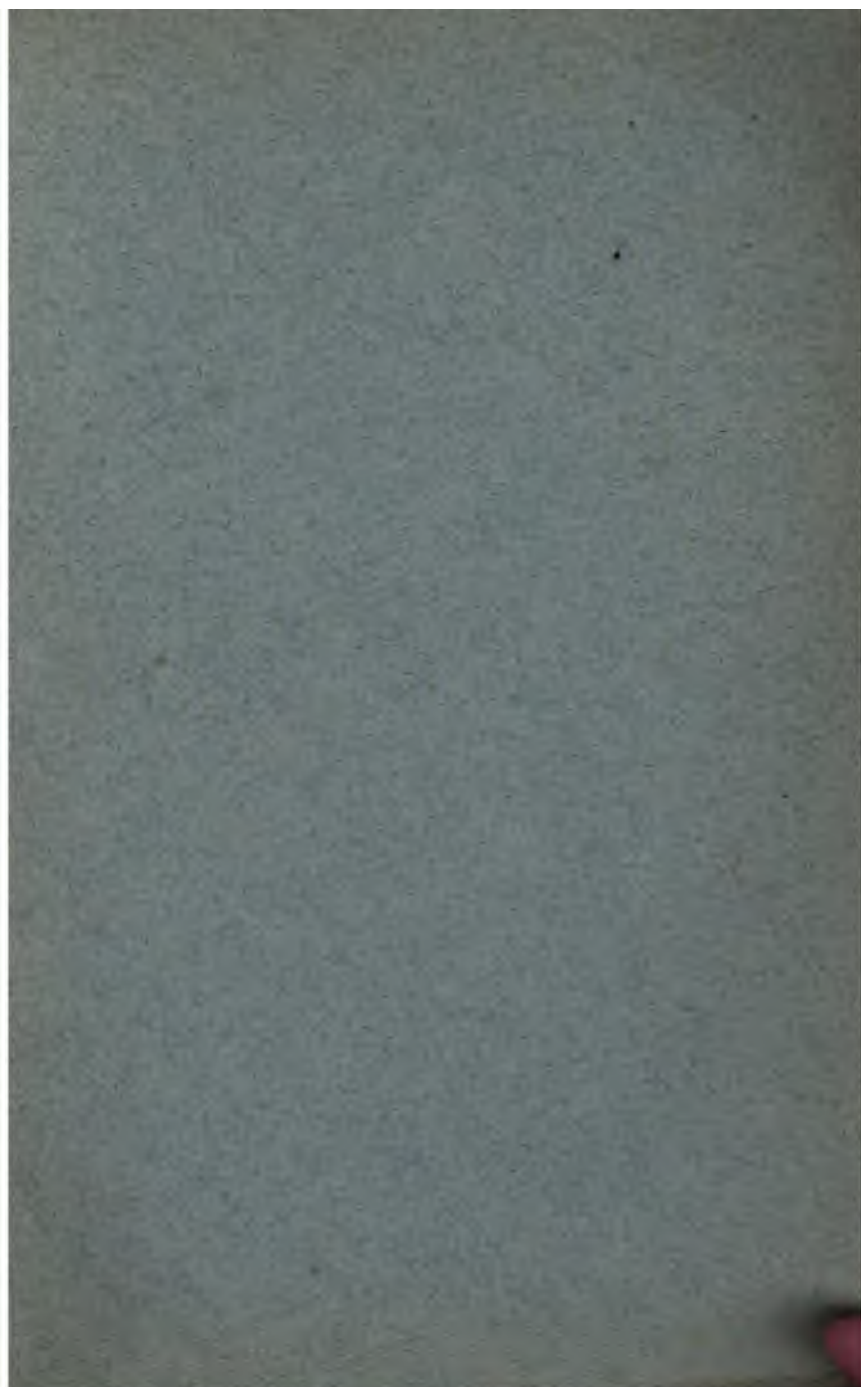
To give love's passion, and to take love's dream ?

What have I ever asked you never gave ?

When smiled you not at life, though overcast ?

Your love is one forgiveness—spare me ! save

The real present from the pictured past !





2nd

This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.

Please return promptly.

20432.18
Lays of a Londoner.
Widener Library

003605630



3 2044 086 806 338

